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Thank You, Mr. Philby

AFTER an adult lifetime of treachery as a citizen of the West, British turncoat Harold Philby, now living in Moscow, at last has done us Westerners a service.

In a political age when black and white often merge into an uncertain gray, Mr. Philby provides us with a pure study in sullen, selfish, spineless black.

The once trusted British agent who even had the run of our own CIA, says he would spy again for the Kremlin if he had the chance and misses only the beer, oysters and soccer matches that once brightened his life as an Englishman.

He told Western newsmen in Moscow this week he got disillusioned in the 1930s when he perceived "massive unemployment throughout the capitalist

world and the apparent helplessness of existing forces to deal with it."

So he went commie. It figures. A fellow whose highest loyalties to the West are commanded by beer, oysters and soccer hardly was the type to address himself to the hard problems of making a free society work better.

He preferred communism's "easy answer" of making men wards of the all-powerful state. So now he's stuck in just that kind of society, where today the "new Soviet man" enjoys a standard of living hardly better than the one Philby gave up on several decades ago.

Mr. Philby, now baggy of eye and thin of leg, has run a hard and crooked course that has left him somewhere behind his own starting line.

Mr. Philby, we are delighted to record, is a loser.